

USO Barn Dance Tonight; Music Hour Thursday

Bend's Junior Hostesses will turn out in rural raiment and Camp Abbot soldiers will add bandanas to their livery tonight when the USO presents its first barn dance. Music will be provided by the Medical Detachment band from Camp Abbot and straw (to chew, if your appetite takes a turn in that direction) by the USO.

For soldiers fond of classical music, the USO will present the first of a series of Music Appreciation Hour programs at 8 p.m. Thursday. In charge of Mrs. May Anderson, the program will be held in the USO's upstairs hall, where peace and quiet prevail. A wide variety of recorded selections are available.

Miss Ann McLaughlin, associate director, dropped the reminder this week that soldiers with a bent for dancing, jiggering or just leaping into the air can brush up on their tactics, under capable supervision, at dancing classes held each Friday night at the club. Popularity of the classes is increasing by leaps and bounds, she said.

Lack of Leaders Impedes Foreign Language Setup

Classes in French, Spanish and Russian are being held up because of the reluctance of soldiers to volunteer as class leaders, Mrs. Helen Smith, Service Club director in charge of the program, said this week.

"Volunteers need have no previous knowledge of the language," Mrs. Smith pointed out. "All that's needed is someone to take charge of prying the records used for instruction at classes to be held at the Guest House Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday nights."

One volunteer has turned up to date. She is Cpl. Greta Dearing, Service Club worker, who has consented to take over a French class.

Seattle (CNS)—J. C. Pursley bought a pair of shoes from a stranger for \$1. He took them home and tried them on. Both were for the right foot.

When You've Read It—Please Pass The ENGINEER AROUND.

WATCH OUT, SOLDIER



(U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo From NEA) Art is all right in its place, but in this case it's being used as a booby trap. Painting used as a furnishing in a simulated French village at Camp Kohler, Calif., training center is wired so that soldier is "blown up" if he pulls down the drape.

Army Cuts Fire Losses Below Civilian Rates

Washington, D.C.—Losses due to fire in Army camps, posts and stations in the United States are 80 per cent less than fire losses for civilian property, the War Department announced this week.

For civilian real property in the United States, the fire loss rate, on the basis of underwriters' experience, is about \$1.43 a year per \$1,000 of valuation, compared with a rate of 31 cents at Army installations.

Job For Engineers

Fire control, both in the United States and at U. S. bases overseas, is one of the many types of work carried on by the Corps of Engineers, to achieve efficient and economical operations of military installations.

The Corps of Engineers has fire fighting platoons stationed all over the world, protecting American property from destruction by fire. Trained in this country, members of these platoons protect depots, hospitals,

wharves and troop cantonments subject to enemy attack.

Fire protection is a responsibility of the post engineer, who, in addition, is charged with maintenance of buildings, grounds and roadways; vermin and rodent control; dust and erosion control, and control and maintenance of all utilities.

Examples of recent economies effected by the Corps of Engineers in discharging these responsibilities are a dust control system that increased the running time of plane motors from 200 to 2,000 hours between overhauls; development of an economizer to be used with coal stoves that increased Army cantonment heating capacity more than 50 per cent; and a new fumigation method that reduced the cost of operation from \$50 to \$15 per building. In the field of maintenance, new methods of roof repair have saved \$25,000,000 in two years by eliminating the necessity for much re-roofing.

Use Waste For Fills

A sanitary fill method of waste disposal, accomplishing material saving in cost and manpower, recently has been developed by the Engineers. It is now in use in 111 installations and is being expanded. Under this method non-salvageable refuse is diverted from the incinerator and is used along with dirt for fills. At one post a 20-acre area was filled to an average depth of five feet in order to provide a new training site. By including refuse with earth the project was completed ahead of time, and the \$1,700 per month incinerator operating cost was replaced by a \$638 cost for the fill operations.

These many and varied activities are covered by a nationwide cost accounting system which controls the current \$750,000,000 repairs and utilities budget of the Army. Each month Post Engineers are provided with a statement of expenditures for their respective installation, thus enabling them to measure and control their expense for maintenance.

Watch for war community chest drive.

Engineers Do Toughest Job in Hours—Not Days

(Just arrived is an actual account of construction of a bridge by engineer soldiers in Italy. It is written by Sgt. Jack Foisie, reporter for the Stars and Stripes in Italy.)

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY ADVANCING IN ITALY, (By mail)—The Heinie had done his usual thorough job of demolition. The stone bridge spanning the gorge Serre Occhio Chloa lay crumpled in the river bed 40 feet below.

Water gushed and snarled, cutting a new channel through the ruins.

"It will be days before we bridge the gap," moaned a division staff officer.

Captain Robert L. Petherick of Port Orford, Ore., did not correct his superior, and he did not venture a prophecy. A trained engineer, he noted the conditions imposed by the sheerness of the gorge walls: he took the necessary measurements and sketched the drawings. Company C of the engineer battalion had already arrived, ready to do the work. It was noon.

Twenty-seven hours later, the first vehicles rolled across the 80-foot long trestle bridge.

Toughest and Best

"It was the toughest job in three campaigns—and our best job," said proud Captain Stan Larson of Berkeley, Calif. He was speaking for his men who had done the job.

There had been need for speed. A regiment of infantry was beyond the gorge battling for the town of Acerno, gateway to the plains of Naples. They needed food and water, they needed ammunition, and they needed ambulances.

So the engineers worked without rest, knocking off only for a few hours during the darkest part of the night. First they strung a guyline to transport tools and planking across to the other side of the chasm. Then to work with jackhammers, chewing out the approaches. For explosives they used the Teller mines which the Boche had planted as a crowning touch to his work.

Guts of the Bridge

"Now for the 'guts' of this here bridge," chanted a Sergeant. By "guts" he meant the stout underpinnings, big 6 x 6 timbers which would have to be placed so as to support a 30-ton load, weight of a medium tank. The abutments were prepared by Yanks waist-deep in the rushing stream and with big hammy hands they guided the swinging timbers into place.

By now a truck-mounted crane had reached the scene, and the second story of underpinnings was lowered with its help and

made fast. The work of bracing began, but too many men were falling into the stream—"only scratched 'em"—and for a few hours until daylight the engineers rested. But the work of bringing up the necessary materials continued all night.

Wind's Reveille

The wind was blowing a soft reveille through the gorge when the men went back to the job.

"Come on you lunkheads, hoist away," grunted a Corporal. "Big men on the ends, little men in the center," he ordered, grabbing an end. The big stringer was hoisted and the team with their load made their precarious way out to the center span.

The wooden trestle, most difficult type of "limited bridges" to construct, was gathering shape. Already vehicles most desperately needed in the fight beyond were lined up awaiting completion.

Now came the "decking"—planks laid across the stringers. It took 81 of them to complete the bridge flooring, and that is a lot more "man-hours" for men who have been without rest for 24 hours. Each plank was tied down with 10-inch spikes.

Now the bridge builders, a versatile bunch, turned to the pick and shovel, leveling the bridge approaches. Others applied another layer of planking for the wheel treadway, and put up the safety rails.

Captain Petherick, the designer, looked at his watch. The job was done just 27 hours from the time it was begun. Slightly under the time estimated by the gloomy staff officer, he remembered.

And so the engineers stood aside while the flow moved forward. They were grim and silent but satisfied, knowing that they were clearing the way to Naples just as they had cleared the road to Messina.

College Girls Will Help GI's Christmas Shopping

A group of girls from Lewis & Clark college at Portland have volunteered to assist any Camp Abbot soldiers or Wacs with their Christmas shopping. Make our your list. Give age, sex and size if possible, of those on your list—plus your desire in the way of gifts—or leave the selection to the girls if you prefer. They will shop, wrap in gay holiday wrappings and mail any time you indicate. Just enclose money order with list and mail to USO-YMCA, 831 SW Sixth Ave., Portland, Ore.

War bonds and stamps build ships and bombers. Buy them now.

Sgt. Puts Skids Under Colonel

The Drill Sergeant at Fort Monroe bawled out the Lieutenant Colonel, a Medical Corporal told the Colonel he was too old to be in the Army, and the Colonel without a word marched meekly in the ranks—all for the lack of two silver leaves.

The Lieutenant Colonel, Leon J. Meyung, a new group commander at the fort, was to have taken charge of a practice march and bivouac, the Fort Monroe Public Relations Office related Nov. 26, but instead filled out the role of a private.

He donned fatigue clothes, snatched up his rifle, helmet and pocket incidentals, and ran to the south gate to reach the line of march before his men did.

The Colonel arrived just as the marching men drew abreast. Pausing a moment, he noted the Drill Sergeant staring at him with open disapproval.

Then came sudden realization. No sign of his rank showed. A quick fumbling in the pockets, but no silver leaves.

Another command from the Sergeant, and the Colonel stepped into the ranks to be greeted by a would-be sympathetic Corporal with the remark that if the going got too tough for one of his age, "I'll fix it for you to ride in the ambulance."

Byt this time, it was doubtful if the Colonel would have pulled out his silver leaves if he had found them.



"It's all right, Corporal—as you were?"

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